Lays Pipes for the Office of Street-Cleaning Commissioner.

Mrs. Mary Maryland Pickrell, the new aryland Pickrell is a true American, times she would have eclipsed the

Maryland Pickrell, and something of a sport,

for running away with a girl, especially if he was a Northern man. It was all right after the marriage, usually, but if they performed, he went up the nearest tree without having to do any climbing. Stealing a girl was looked at just the same as stealing a horse, and they always hung horse thieves down in my country when I was a

"Frank and I were happy in Arkansas for two years, and then we came to Denver. He got sick here, and do you know I had to go to work for a nigger in a laundry in order to support him. Tough? Well, I guess you never lived down South. "After that it was an easy thing for me to take a job in Ed Chase's old Palace Theater, where there was more money and less hard work about it. I was handy with a gun, and

hit a beer bottle at a hundred paces every time. In the theater I did a club swinging act and used to be the heroine in the wild Vest dramas. I used to swing the revolver or rifle when the redskins attacked the lone settler's cabin. I liked the excitement of the stage for a time, and Frank made good d during that time, too. But I soon of for fresh air and the green and the farm life, so we retired from the boards and bought a ranch in south Denver. Our stock increased after in Douglass county. My husband died five years ago and ever since I have been running the two ranches and a boarding house on Arapahoe street. I had but two children and they both died. I have been a very busy woman, but, thank the Lord, I keep my health and have plenty of strength yet. Down at Sedalla I stack all the hay myself and run the mowing ma-chine and hay rake. I don't care to trust that kind of work to hired men, they are so shiftless. I do a great deal of plowing also, and when we were putting up the out-house I bought all the lumber and hauled it from Denver to the ranch.

SHE LEARNED TO BOX. learned to box quite skillfully and that ac-Soon after my husband died an Englishman living near me in Douglass county lost a plow and suspected that I had secreted elected, for he was no good. Well, they hunted high and low on my ranch for that plow, breaking into closets and everything. It made me tired, so I said to that English-

man:
"'If you don't find that plow here I'm going to give you the darndest licking you ever got when you get through bunting for

"He looked scared and stuck to the sheriff closer. Of course, they didn't find the plow, and then I asked the sheriff to get off the place so that I could do up that Eng-lishman. But the sheriff stuck close to his man, and they walked off together. I followed the Englishman to his home and sent his little girl to call him out into the yard. When he came sneaking out I pitched into him. Every time I hit him he dropped, and when he could not stand any more I let go of him. He said afterward that I used a whip handle to him, but that was a lie. I done him with my fists. The funny thing about that trouble was that was my only trouble on the ranch, but the Lord knows I had a hard time in other

"But about my entrance upon a public career as a garbage contractor. Last year, you remember, Dr. Mary Earker Bates, of Denver, put in a hid for that work, be-cause it had formerly gone to political shysters at exorbitant figures. Of course, she did not get it, for boss Graham wanted it. The thing set me to thinking, and I concluded to make a try for it this year. Graham got the job for \$900 a month. I'm doing it for \$280 a month. That's why I got the job; I underbid everybody. This is a reform administration, and how was that

"Making money out of the job? Not much, though I haven't lost anything yet. Last week I went into the hole for \$6.75, but I will make that up this week. You see, I am a taxpayer, and I'm dead tired of paying out money for political bums. I want to see if taxes can be reduced, and you see how weil I am succeeding in my department.

"Since taking hold of this job I've got stuck on the garbage business, and I'm going to make a study of it. You see I have no children nor husband to look after and to keep me at home, and all the winter and to keep me at home, and all the winter chores are out of the way, so I have plenty of time. What I want to do is to keep Denver cleaner of garbage than it ever was before. My work has been mighty hard at first, because the hog men, who have been running about the city picking up whatever they chose and leaving what they did not want, have been causing me trouble. That man Boyer, who called a meeting the other picks to protest against my regulations. night to protest against my regulations, thinks he's going to run my office, but he'll find out his mistake before I'm done with him. His hog meeting the other night didn't amount to anything. He got only seven hog men to stand out against me. But I'll spend every cent I've got and sell my last head of stock in trying to bring every stock in trying to bring every son of them to time. I'm going to send East for a garbage consumer and burn every scrap of swill and food offal in the city, if I can't do anything else, before I'll let those fellows defy me. There's plenty of poor land about here, and burned garbage makes a boss fertilizer.

WANTS UNIFORMITY.

"Here's how I've fixed it. Anybody owning a hog ranch near the city can apply to me for a permit to collect garbage for his hogs. I charge \$5 for the right to gather as much garbage as will feed two hundred hogs, and the money goes to pay my foreman and his assistants. Now, I like to seen any kind of up such capers as to make even a naturalist assistants. Now, I like to seen any kind of a turnout look nice, even a garbage wagon, so I've ordered them garbage men to slick up all their wagons, and have them look as much alike as two grains of corn. The tank of every wagon must be painted black and have on it in big white letters a number and the name of the department; then the running gear must be painted blue. There you have a nice-looking lob. Every man has a district for which he is responsible, and if he does not like his district and finds it too small to be profitable, all he has to do is to register his kick with me, and I'll add on a suction to make it right. If a man cannot handle at times all his district, I will send to him one of my extra wagons to give him a boost. All I want is to have the hog men understand who is boss and who lays down the rules. If they come up to the scratch and do their duty they will get along with me, but if they try to be funny they will get along with me, but if they try to be funny they will get into trouble, and they will come up before the police magistrate as far as I can throw them in.

Before I went into office there was not system to the work, and the city was not half tended to, but because I want to systematize thinks and do justice to my office,

"How are the hog men obeying my rule now? Huh, not so good as they might, but I'm right after them. Two are under arrest now and more will be soon. Since I took hold they have been coming into town late at night and smuggling out garbage in barrels from the restaurants and hotels. I'm out of bed every morning by 2 o'clock, with my foreman, and am driving about in my rig to keep a sharp lookout for these smug-glers. We watch the Fifteenth-street bridge and the Sixteenth-street viaduct, which is their route out of town, and we shall nab every mother's son of 'em if I can stand the early hours. It is mighty hard getting out in the cold air at that hour, but when the smugglers find out that they can't get ahead of this woman they will come to time and will agree to obey instructions from the garbage contractor, even though she be a woman. I never saw the man yet that I was afraid of."

It will be seen from this interview that Mrs. Pickrell is an independent woman, who has ed and she does not hesitate to express herself in language distinctly Western. While talking to the reporters she never uses a harsher word than "darndest," but she has the reputation for saying stronger things when greatly provoked. "This hog man, Boyer," of whom she spoke, recently sent a complaint to a local newspaper, quoting her as using the following expressive language:
"Mr. Boyer, I am onto you. You think you are d—d smart, but, by G—, if you get ahead of this old woman you will have to get up a d—d sight earlier than what you

It was "this man Boyer" who called a meeting of hog men recently to take steps fluerce to suppress Mrs. Pickrell, but she was present with almost erough gar-bage men to control the meeting. She so im-pressed the entire assembly with her force of character that the weaker ones did not dare to offer a protest, and the meeting finally resulted disastrously for the hog men. When the present cases in Police Court are disposed of it is probable that no further protest will be made against her rule, and soon black wagons with white letters and blue running gear will be gathering garbage in the prescribed districts, while Mrs. Pickrell will have time to study the problem of street cleaning with a view to standing for that

best light she has obtained. She is a member of the Pilgrim Faith Church, which holds divine services in a tent down town, of Solomon's Temple, and the minister re-ferred to his hearers as stones that were being shaped for places in the eternal temple of the Lord. After the sermon there was a season of praise, during which many arose to tell their experiences. Among these was

Mrs. Pickrell, who said: "Brothers and sisters, I hope to find some place in that great temple, for the Lord has been chiselling me up one side and down another for many years, and during the last fifteen days the Lord has been rubbing it in pretty hard, while the newspapers have been helping Him out in His work. God bless you all, and even the newspapers that have been ridiculing me in

my attempts to do my duty." Mrs. Pickrell is about forty years old, strong and muscular, and of good height. Her face has a matronly look, and the eyes seem to have a merry twinkle, but the square chin plainly indicates the strength of character which has stood her well in good stead these many years. She has no eccentricities of dress, unless the soft felt Fedora hat, such as men wore a few sea-sons ago, might be so classed. She wears a short jacket with sleeves of a style antedating the present fashion, a shirt waist, and a plain skirt of proper length and fullness. Although she has held office just sixteen days she has already won the approval of

RIGHTS OF EXPLORERS.

Mr. Labouchere Fails to See Why Savages May Not Be Exclusive.

Among the few spots on the face of the earth which have managed to keep themselves out of the grip of European aggression is the plateau of Thibet. This the Thibetans have so far achieved by absolutely forbidding any foreigner to enter their country. They foresee, I take it, that, once admit the "explorer," and you will find coming behind him the missionary, behind the mis-sionary the trader, and behind the trader

They judge from what they see and hear that the only way to preserve political independence against the encroachments of the "civilized" foreigner—Briton, Russian, or whoever he may be—is to prevent him from getting a footing in the country under any pretext. That they are right in this, the nistory of every "noncivilized" people abun-

Last week, before the Royal Geographical Society, Mr. St. George R. Littledale re-counted to an admiring audience the result of an organized attempt on his part to break through the exclusiveness of the Thibetans, and penetrate to Lhassa, despite the objections of the people. For this purpose he fitted out an amateur expeditionary force. His party entered Thibet thirteen strong, among them being a party of Pathans armed with rifles and revolvers.

When they reached the more thickly populated region of Thibet, they were officially ordered to retire, but persisted in advancordered to retire, but persisted in advanc-ing. The Thibetans were evidently afraid to attack, but parties armed with swords and matchlocks rode alongside of the invaders. At a river ford the Thibetans made a show of resistance. "A determined-looking individual" laid his hand on Mr. Littledale's bridle. The latter "whipped out his revolver," and ordered his men to load, but on seeing that they meant to fight the but, on seeing that they meant to fight, the Thibetans again gave way. The invaders pressed on

marches of Lhassa, where the Lamas came out in force with about five hundred men and ordered them to retire. So alarmed was the country that all the bridges between this point and the capital were destroyed. At this point, however, Mrs. Littledale, who had accompanied the party, was taken ill, and her husband withdrew the "minimum demand" which he had formulated, that he should be allowed to enter Lhassa, and partly by threats and partly by diplomacy succeeded in getting permission and assistance to pass through to Kashmir.

I would respectfully ask what right has any private individual to fit out an armed expedition of this kind and attempt to force his way into a country the rulers and people of which, for excellent reasons, order him to withdraw? It sounds very fine and plucky, no doubt—though to all appearance twenty resolute and well-armed Englishmen might subdue all Thibet in a few weeks.

what is the difference?

Neither he nor any other European desires to explore Thibet for the benefit of the Thibetans. The primary motive is that of doing what nobody else has done, and cutting a figure afterward at soirees in London. This spirit may be legitimately indulged by climbing inaccessible mountains or exploring the polar regions, because the hero in those cases can injure no one but himself. But when heroism takes the form of threatening battle, murder and sudden death to a peaceable and unoffending people, and forcing your presence upon them in definance of their perfectly legitimate objection to receive you, it seems to me worthy of just as much admiration as the heroism of the burglar, and no more. burglar, and no more.

DUCKS DROWN AN EAGLE.

Alleged Exploit Attributed to Crow Ducks Down on the Potomac.

Beautiful "Montpelier" Long Since Passed Into Alien Hands.

Philadelphia Press.

Dr. James Madison, of Orange Courthouse, Va., was a guest for a brief period yesterday afternoon at the Stratford. Dr. Madison, who is an elderly gentleman, is a distant relative of President Madison and resides about two miles from Montpelier. "I am old enough to recollect the President," said the Doctor, in reply to a question from the Press representative. "My father was President Madison's cousin and they were on intimate terms. I was frequently a visitor when a small boy with my father at Montpelier. In those days Mr. my father at Montpelier. In those days Mr. Madison was quite feeble, and was being wheeled about the grounds on sunny days in an invalid chair, made expressly for him. He was a man of small stature and was quite emaciated by reason of old age and ill health. If there was anything peculiar in his appearance it was his eyes, ing affected with casts. In other words, he was 'crosseyed.' I do not think Mr. Madison even when in the best of health and in the full plentitude of youth was a handsome man, nor did he possess the impresive physique of Washington and Jefferson. It is generaly believed that the ex-President was born at Montpelier, and some written accounts so state. This is not true. Mr. Madison's father lived at Montpelier, but the ex-President happened to be born at Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, about sixty miles below Frederickshurg. His mother was on a visit to her parer at that point. Thus it was that three Presidents of the United States were born within a radius of about twelve miles of each other; Washington, Madison and Monroe. It is not probable that such a singular coincidence will ever again happen. "It is pretty generally understood also that Mr. Madison built the family mansion now known as 'Montpelier.' This is a mistake.

It was erected by his father, a man of large on the architectural lines of the White House, only the portico is not quite as immosing and it has not quite as immosing and it has not quite as imposing, and it has no rear balcony as has the White House in its present form. It is a two-story residence, with a basement. The latter is subdivided into a kitchen, wash figured Cheviot, 50c to \$1.75 a yard. room, dairy, etc., etc. The upstairs first floor rooms are large and are separated by a wide hall, as is usually the case with an old Virginia family residence. There are from thirty to forty living rooms in the house. Mr. Madison's library is a very spacious apartment, but the parlor is of medium size. You may or may not know that the lize. You may or may not know that the Southern custom in the old days was not to have a spacious saloon. Every man of means aimed to have plenty of living rooms for his guests, who were usually numerous. Breakfast, dinner and tea were hours of social intercourse, and were looked forward to with more or less interest, according as to whether the guests were old or young. There were no dress parade affairs in those days, as is now the case in old Virginia.

"The room in which Mr. Madison died is on

the second floor, facing the park, and is lo-cated near the center of the building. When I tell you that the lawn at Montpelier alone comprises forty acres, you will appreciate in comprises forty acres, you will appreciate in a measure the grandeur of the place. The view from the lawn as you catch an uninterrupted sketch of the Blue Ridge mountains for upwards of fifty miles, is one never to be forgotten. On an elevated spot still pointed out to visitors, Madison in his last days used to sit and watch the sun slowly decline over the mountain tops. Back of the family mansion is one of the grandest forests on the American continent, and the edge of it is within twenty rods of the house. From every point of view at Montpelier scenery of an impressive character meets the eye. Up an impressive character meets the eye. Up to within a few days of his death, I am told, the mind of Mr. Madison was clear and vigorous. About his last public appearance was along in 1834, when, as a member of the Virginia convention, he aided in revising the Constitution of the State. This was one of he most notable conventions ever held in the State, in that it was comprised of such men as Mr. Madison, Chief Justice Marshall and others of prominent ability and of national reputation. As you are aware, Mr. Madison met and married Mrs. Madison in Philadelphia. His was a familiar figure on the streets of this ancient city. Mr. Madison is buried in a plot of ground about three-quarters of a mile from Montpelier, that belonged to the estate. The remains of Mrs. Madison and her son are interred in the same plot. The estate descended to Mrs. Madison's only son and heir. He was a spendthrift, and, although it was a productive estate of several thousand acres, the young man soon managed to get it so badly encumbered that it passed into other hands. All that now remains of the original thou-All that now remains of the original thousands are 1,200 acres, and these are owned by a Baltimore gentleman, who purchased it in 1880. In a thicket of pines near the house is the burial place of the slaves, that for nearly a century had lived and died on the

Queer Justice.

London Letter.

Apropos of police court justice in England, here is a curious episode which I witnessed yesterday while making a casual call at the North London Court. A young woman of the working class asked the magistrate for assistance in gaining possession of her child. The child went on a visit to here (applicantly) mothers and the visit to her (applicant's) mother, and the latter became so attached to it that she now absolutely refused to give it up. The Magistrate-Are you married?

"Husband living?"

"Have you been and made a direct re-quest for the return of the child?" "Yes." The Magistrate-This court has no juris-liction in such a matter. You will have to

go to the High Court to enforce your claim.

One would have supposed that a policeman would have been sent to the grandmother to demand the child. The application to the High Court will be a lengthy and expensive process.

His Mother's Question.

force his way into a country the rulers and people of which, for excellent reasons, order him to withdraw? It sounds very fine and plucky, no doubt—though to all appearance twenty resolute and well-armed Englishmen might subdue all Thibet in a few weeks.

It would also be a plucky thing, I suppose, if I and a friend were to knock at Mr. Littledale's door, "whip out revolvers," insist on making an inventory of Mr. Littledale's furniture and effects and demand the right to take what refreshment we needed in his dining room, simply with a view of going away and boasting of our bold performance. Many people, however, would insist on regarding it as impudent and blackguardly rather than brave. Between this and Mr. Littledale's "demand" to be allowed to enter Lhassa, what is the difference?

Neither he nor any other European de
New York Sun.

"When I was a boy," said the middle-aged man, "my mother always used to ask me man, "my mother always used to ask me with a lwas going away anywhere, Have you got everything?" She wanted to be sure, so that when I got there and unpacked my valise I wouldn't be disappointed by finding that I had forgotten something.

"The other day, when my son was about to start on a little journey, his traveling bag lying filled but still open on the floor, I heard his mother saying to him, 'Have you got everything?' It was almost startling. That is what my mother used to ask me hadn't heard it these years and years. But I guess it is a familiar question, though to all appearance twenty resolute and well-armed to be sure, so that when I got there and unpacked my valise I wouldn't be disappointed by finding that I had forgotten something.

"The other day, when my son was about to start on a little journey, his traveling bag lying filled but still open on the floor, I heard his mother saying to him, 'Have you got everything?' It was almost startling. That is what my mother used to ask me with a little day was anywhere. Have you got everything?' It was almost startling. That is what is a familia

THE NEW YORK STORE

Right Now==This Week

Is the time to buy your SPRING GOWN, WRAP and BONNET --- Don't be always putting it off. You might as well have the benefit of them right from the start. Spring has come to stay and Easter is only a week off. The only question is—where to buy? A question that our splendid bright stocks

Colored Dress Goods

Silk and Wool, broken checks-38 inches wide, twelve different designs, at 29c a

Illuminated mixtures in every desirable shade—all wool and 38 inches wide—would be good value at 50c. Our price, 39c a yard. 36-inch Wool and Mohair mixtures in brown and tan, green and brown, blue and steel, blue and brown, green and red, reseda and brown—a fine, neat mixture and one of the handsomest and best cloths we ever offered at 49c a yard.

White warp Jacquard fancies, 38 inches wide, in illuminated colors, at 39c a yard.

All-wool, two-toned German Cheviots, 46 inches wide and worth \$1, for 75c a yard.

40 pieces figured, half-wool Challies, the 20c kind at 8c a yard.

Black Goods

Figured Mohair and Brilliantines, 35c, 50c

Mohair Sicillians at 50c, 69c, 75c, 90c and

The enlarged counter space for the Silk selling is none too large, indeed, hardly large enough sometimes. The spring stock is the best we've ever had and the priceswell, they are what bring the crowds.

Black brocaded Silks, all Silk and worth 50c, at 39c a yard. On the center table. Ivory white Wash Silks, 10 pieces at 350

Fancy figured Taffetas in a large assort-

ment of superb designs, at 47c a yard. Their New designs in printed Taffetas at 85c a yard, the \$1.25 quality.

An extra heavy black brocaded Silk at 85c a yard. 20 pieces of new printed warp Taffetas, the regular \$1.50 value, at \$1.19 a yard.

Fine . . . Wash Goods

Every day emphasizes the fact that our wash goods showing cannot be equaled in Indiana. People who shop-who go here, there and everywhere, return here to buy. Why not save all that running around? 36-inch book-fold Dress Linen will make a serviceable dress-the price, 25c a yard.

Lace stripe linen Bastiste, 30 inches wide, at 25c a yard.
Silk-stripe linen Granadine, one of the most beautiful fabrics of the year—39c a And positively the greatest line of French Organdies ever in Indiana—over two hun-dred styles imported direct by us. So and

Wash Goods

At 121/2c-Tulle, Chatelaine Dimities and Corded Swiss mulls. Perhaps a hundred dif-At 15c-Dimities in all the popular shades;

At 17c-Dresden effects in Batiste, 40 inche wide; also Linen Batiste, in figured and plain colors, for waists and dresses.

Furniture

A solid Oak Table, with 24inch top and large shelf, for 98c.

A few more of those solid Oak Bookcases left at \$3.98 each. 73 different and distinct pat-

terns in Sideboards and Buffets. The prices range from \$7.98 for a solid Oak Sideboard to \$110. Also, a complete assortment of Extension Tables and Dining

Solid Oak Chairs, full braced, with upholstered leather seat; to close, \$1.50.

Special Easter Opening of

MILLINERY, WRAPS, COSTUMES, ETC.

To-morrow (MONDAY) we shall inaugurate a special Easter Opening in the Millinery and Cloak departments for the benefit of

those who have not yet selected their Spring Hat or Wrap. Many of the choicest creations in Hats, Bonnets and Capes have just arrived, and we take this opportunity to exhibit them to you. The Millinery department is now com-

plete with Pattern Hats and Bonnets, both from Paris and the leading milliners of America, besides the numbers of dainty creations by our own trimmers.

New Capes, Waists, etc., have been ar-riving daily in the Cloak department and will continue so all the week. We also take pleasure in announcing

that in connection with this opening we will make a special showing of

The New SPRING PARASOLS

In the Millinery Parlors—and such a collection of beauties they are! These new Parasols vie with the sunshine and flowers for brightness and pleasing colorings. All the fashionable kinds will be here—the latest French designs made in America. There are

Coaching Parasols, Carriage Parasols, and Sunshades

Trimmed with Muslin de Soie, Chiffon, Veiling, Laces, Applique, etc. Then there are striking Dresden Parasols, also the Grass Linen and Pongee Parasols, both plain and Dresden trimmed.

The En Tout Co.'s

A small, neat Umbrella like Parasol that the French ladies consider indispensable-all these are here-and we invite you

Music -- MONDAY AFTERNOON -- Music

Easter Gloves

All the novelties from the prominent makers, both in Europe and America-in addition, of course, to the staple lines.

A 4-button white glace Kid Glove, with black stitching, for 79c a pair. An 8-button Glace Mousquetaire length in both white and cream, black stitchings, \$1 a.

2-clasp, kid Street Gloves, in the leading shades, including the popular butter and pearl shades; the price, \$1 a pair.

In the extreme novelties we find the round pearl buttons and heavy fancy stitching at \$1.25 and \$2 a pair.

Ladies' Hosiery-Special

About 40 dozen ladies' full, regular-made Two patterns in Willow Rock- | Cotton Hose, spliced heels and toes, fast ers at \$2.49. Only twenty-five | black and new tan shades; for Monday, 9c

Neckwear_Special

900 Japanese wash silk, reversible Four-in-hand Ties for men, boys and ladies; made to sell at 25c; Monday, 121/2c each.

Ribbons

No. 5 at 5c.

A full assortment of colors now in the Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons. Better take advantage of this now, when you can get the best quality at half the usual prices.

No. 12 at 12c.

Easter Novelties Basement Hand-painted Novelties, with Easter

decorations-lilles and pansies. Vases, 75c to \$2.25. Placques, 25c to \$1.75. Easter Eggs, mounted, 25c to \$1.25.



Tea Bells, engraved Easter greeting, 35c. Crystal Vases, 10c to 25c. Chickens, 3c to 10c. Single Egg Cups, plain white china. Single Egg Cups, blue decorated china. Double Egg Cups, blue decorated china. Premier Egg Cups (this is the proper way -cooked and served in the same cup), 20c.
Sterling Silver Coffee Spoons, with gold-plated Easter lily bowl, 45c each.

EASTER CARDS At the Book Dept.

Draperies Third Floor

25 pieces extra fine Curtain Swiss in dots and designs, full 36 inches wide, at 15c a yard. 24 new Silk Lambrequins, 3 yards long, with fringe, for mantel and plane drapery,

48 pairs of \$2.25 Nottingham Lace Curtains, 31/2 yards long and 50 inches wide, for \$1.40 a 48 pairs Nottingham Lace Curiains, 54 inches wide, 31/2 yards long, white and ecru, the real \$1.50 value, for \$1 a pair.

Damask Portieres—Special

Just 48 pairs, four entirely different styles, six colors in each style, fine satin durby inish on both sides, fringe top and bottom; were considered good value at \$7.50; now they go at \$5 a pair.

24 single door Rope Portieres, tinsel cord, 6 double door Rope Portieres for \$3.50 each, 12 of extra heavy cord, with tinsel, new colors and designs; \$12 was the price; now \$7

36 regular size Bamboo Curtains go at \$1 12 pieces 50-inch Tapestry, pretty designs

SHADES

best spring roller; size 3x7, 60c; size 3x8, 55c. Measures taken and estimates freely given on Shades. We can save you money. Picture Dept.

200 extra heavy oll opaque Shades, with

This week is your last chance to get a

crayon portrait for half price. \$3.50 and \$5 is all it costs you this week for regular \$7 and \$10 portraits. And you get the choice of a fine new line of frames. Easter novelties in Medallion Pictures.

House Furnishings

Good house broom for 9c. Good cotton mon for 9c. 12-quart galvanized iron buckets, 15c. Large size bamboo carpet beaters, 10c. Tarrine moth bags, the best way to preserve winter clothes, 40c, 55c and 75c.

H. & H. carpet renovator, only 9c; regular A large assortment of tops and marbles. All varieties of vegetable and flower seeds,

Globe fine crimp washboard only 9c.

Sweet peas, 5c oz.
Tuberose bulbs, 10c a dozen.
See the demonstration of the new process offee pot. It saves coffee Some points of superiority in the improved celand Dry Air Refrigerator. Real bronze trimmings, seven walls to save ice, air-tight locks/metal shelves, zinc linings, wall lined with wool felt and charcoal sheathing; low-

Bicycles

The selling has already been so great as to exceed our most sanguine expectations. Numbers of persons who could scarcely bring themselves to believe that high-grade Bicycles could be made and sold at the prices we ask have, in nine cases out of every ten, become enthusiastic admirers and purchasers of the Lenox after examining them. All we want is for you to see them. We are confident of the result, for better Wheels cannot be made at

any price. Four Models-Ladies' and Men's, \$55 and \$69, equal to any \$85 and \$100 Wheels on the market.

The Onyx, two models, Ladies' and Men's, \$60. The Swan Special, \$49.

Cash or Easy Terms.

PETIS DRY GOODS CO.

No. 9 at 8c.

The Sunday Journal, by Mail, \$22. Year



This Week... You Want a New Hat.

what you want, and Save You Money

We can give you just

WE HAVE ALL THE LATEST STYLES, Dunlap, Miller and Knox

Also the Popular Tourist Hats in all colors—black, brown, tan, steel and nauve. You can get any of these for

In a quality that would cost you \$3.00 in any other hat establishment.

Danbury Hat Co., East Washington St. 170. East Washington St. Sole Agents for Miller's Colobrated Hats. N. O. NEWOOMER.

8. A. HAINES.



You may not know it, nevertheless it is a fact, that the above illustrates the BEST, NEATEST, STRONGEST and MOST STYLISH LADIES' WHEEL made in the world. .We challenge any maker to show its equal.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

BRANCH, 44 N. PEND